

BLACK FILE: NULL VECTOR

(Konrad K — Functional Collapse Event)

The room had no edges.

That was the first thing that felt wrong.

Not visually — the geometry was there. Clean. Measured. Foundation-grade sterile architecture.

But it didn't hold.

Like the concept of a room had been rendered without conviction.

Konrad sat in the center.

Not restrained.

Not contained.

Just... there.

Hands resting loosely on his knees.

Eyes open.

Not looking at anything.

"Status?"

The observation room hummed faintly.

"Stable," someone said.

A pause.

"...functionally inactive."

Another pause.

"...he hasn't moved in fourteen hours."

"Try stimulus again."

"We did."

"No response?"

"No meaningful response."

Silence.

Then, dry:

"...so we have a god who forgot why he exists."

No one laughed.

The door opened.

Not dramatically.

Just enough.

And the air shifted.

Shammy stepped in first.

You always noticed her through the atmosphere before the body.

Pressure redistributed.

Static eased.

Like the room exhaled without asking permission.

Ace followed.

Small.

Compact.

Still carrying that same compressed violence like it was folded into her bones.

She didn't look at Konrad first.

She looked at the room.

Then at the walls.

Then at nothing in particular.

Like she was checking whether reality was behaving today.

Mai came last.

Measured steps.

Eyes already mapping.

Not the room.

The situation.

"...that him?"

Ace asked.

No ceremony.

No reverence.

Just mild curiosity.

Mai didn't answer immediately.

She watched Konrad.

A long moment.

Then:

"Yes."

Ace tilted her head.

"...he looks like shit."

From the observation room:

"...did she just—"

"—yes."

Shammy walked past them.

Didn't stop.

Didn't ask.

She just sat down on the floor, a few meters from Konrad.

Legs crossed.

Hands behind her.

Looking at nothing.

Silence stretched.

Ace stepped closer.

Stopped right in front of Konrad.

Looked down.

Waited.

Nothing.

She crouched.

Leaned in slightly.

Studied his face like she was inspecting a faulty weapon.

"...oi."

No reaction.

Ace frowned.

Not annoyed.

Just... unimpressed.

"...hei, kuuntele nyt vähän."

Still nothing.

She straightened slightly.

Looked back at Mai.

"He broken?"

Mai exhaled slowly.

"Not broken."

A beat.

"Collapsed."

Ace blinked.

"...difference?"

Mai answered without looking away from Konrad.

"Broken things resist use."

A pause.

"He doesn't."

Ace processed that.

Then nodded once.

"...okay."

And then, completely without warning—

She reached out and flicked Konrad's forehead.

Tok.

The sound was small.

Sharp.

Almost disrespectfully real.

From the observation room:

"...what the hell was that."

Nothing happened.

Ace waited.

Two seconds.

Three.

"...yeah, no."

She stood up.

Turned away.

Already done with that approach.

"Your turn."

Mai didn't move.

Didn't rush.

Didn't react to the flick.

She stepped forward.

Stopped just outside Konrad's immediate space.

"Konrad."

No response.

She didn't repeat it.

Didn't raise her voice.

Instead:

"You are not experiencing absence of meaning."

A pause.

"You are experiencing collapse of differentiation."

From the observation room:

"...translation?"

"...he thinks nothing matters because everything is equally valid."

"...oh."

Mai continued.

Flat.

Precise.

“When all outcomes carry equal weight—”

A beat.

“—selection becomes undefined.”

Nothing.

Ace scratched her head.

“...so he’s stuck because everything is the same?”

Mai nodded once.

Ace looked back at Konrad.

Longer this time.

“...that’s... actually pretty stupid.”

Silence.

Shammy let out the faintest breath.

Not quite a laugh.

More like the air acknowledging something.

Konrad’s fingers twitched.

Barely.

Mai noticed.

Didn’t react outwardly.

Ace did.

Immediately.

“Oi.”

She leaned in again.

Closer this time.

“You hearing this?”

Nothing.

But not quite nothing anymore.

Ace tilted her head.

Eyes narrowing just a fraction.

“...okay, new plan.”

She turned.

Walked to the side of the room.

Picked up a chair.

Mai didn't stop her.

Didn't ask.

Ace walked back.

Set the chair down.

Sat on it.

Facing away from Konrad.

And then—

She did absolutely nothing.

Just sat there.

Seconds passed.

Then a minute.

Then more.

From the observation room:

“...what is she doing.”

“...no idea.”

Shammy shifted slightly.

The air settled deeper.

Pressure smoothing out.

Edges softening.

Mai stepped back.

Gave space.

No one spoke.

And slowly—

very slowly—

the room began to feel... less irrelevant.

Konrad's breathing changed first.

Barely perceptible.

Then—

his eyes moved.

A fraction.

Not to Mai.

Not to Shammy.

To Ace.

She didn't react.

Didn't turn.

Didn't acknowledge.

She just sat there.

Like sitting was enough reason to exist.

Another minute.

Then—

finally—

a voice.

Dry.

Cracked from disuse.

"...that doesn't make sense."

Ace didn't turn.

"Yeah."

A beat.

"Doesn't have to."

Silence.

Konrad swallowed.

Slow.

Heavy.

"...there's no difference."

Ace shrugged.

Still not looking at him.

"Then pick anyway."

"...why."

Now she turned.

Just her head.

Looked at him like the question itself was mildly offensive.

"...because not picking is boring as hell."

A pause.

Then, with a small smirk:

"...and you're making the room weird."

Shammy actually laughed this time.

Soft.

Like distant thunder that decided not to escalate.

Konrad stared.

For the first time, actually focused.

"...you're serious."

Ace blinked.

"...obviously."

Mai stepped in again.

Just enough.

"You are waiting for meaning to justify action."

A beat.

“That dependency is optional.”

Konrad’s jaw tightened.

“...that’s not how it works.”

Mai tilted her head slightly.

“It is now.”

Silence.

Something in the air shifted.

Not dramatically.

Just—

enough.

Konrad looked down at his hands.

For a long time.

Then—

slowly—

he moved one.

Just a few centimeters.

It was nothing.

It was everything.

From the observation room:

“...he moved.”

“...yeah.”

“...holy shit.”

Ace stood up.

Stretched slightly.

“Alright.”

A glance at Konrad.

“Congrats. You’re not dead inside anymore.”

A beat.

Then, casually:

“...still annoying though.”

Konrad let out a breath.

Not relief.

Not joy.

Just—

movement.

“...I still don't see the point.”

Ace grinned.

“Good.”

She started walking toward the door.

“Means you're doing it right.”

Shammy stood.

The room's pressure normalized.

Edges came back.

Reality felt... held again.

Mai paused at the threshold.

Looked back one last time.

“You don't need a reason.”

A beat.

“You need a direction.”

She left.

The door closed.

Konrad sat alone again.

Same room.

Same geometry.

But now—

it held.

He looked at his hand.

Moved it again.

A little further.

“...fine.”

A pause.

“...let’s see what happens.”

From the observation room:

“...is that it?”

“...that’s it.”

“...no breakthrough, no emotional release?”

“...nope.”

A beat.

“...just movement.”

Another pause.

“...I hate that it worked.”

Silence.

Then—

quietly:

“...call it what you want.”

A faint exhale.

“...he’s back.”

END OF BLACK FILE

[WiP, blackfile](#)

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